

White Salmon game (early in the season), the coach wisely confined my game time to helping the water boy. The football Gods above looked down and laughed when both Warren and Bobby Broy came out of the Washougal game with broken limbs (the Washougal game was always on Armistice Day and the Vancouver game always on Thanksgiving Day); Coach Ragsdale had no choice but to play me in the key tailback position. In any event, we were beaten only 25 - 12 (I think). As I recall, one had to have played a total of 45 minutes during the entire season to receive an athletic letter and I confidentially went to the final Assembly expecting my big "C", having played the entire Vancouver game except for about 2 minutes. Coach called out every possible letter winner except myself; I was totally crushed and even though I was given my letter some minutes after the assembly (some of the letter winners went to the coach and interceded), the magic of the moment had vanished forever--I trashed the big red "C" as too little, too late. At our 35th reunion, Coach Ragsdale told me that Warren Collins was the finest athlete he had ever coached at any of the many fine schools where he held the coaching post. One has to find some solace in the fact that I spent my short football career as a back-up for such an outstanding athlete as Warren. I have always treasured my friendship with Warren and without a doubt believe him to be the most successful graduate the old hometown school produced. His junior high/high school athletic prowess and scholastic achievement is undeniable; his success as an undergraduate college boxer, post-graduate of a great Duke University and its medical school, wartime battlefield surgeon, distinguished military officer, eminent medical specialist/surgeon/clinic owner, and recognized benefactor in his adopted and beloved North Carolina, all testify to his great versatility, competence and public acceptance/recognition. We are all just a wee bit better human beings having matriculated with Warren. In Figure No. 3 are photographs from *The Camas Post-Record* during the football season of 1941.

This is my final entry in my remembrance of our elementary school days. It now appears I may expand on this beginning nostalgic look backwards and sometime in the future relate my memories on the whole gamut of our experiences. This exercise has opened a memory bank which may someday tell a more complete story. My priority at this time was to document the great debt we all owe the fine teaching staffs we were exposed to in those bygone years.

Figure No. 4 is a reproduction of A Tribute to Camas Junior-Senior High School Students who gave their lives in World War II.

Figure 5 is a cartograph of Camas, Washington (circa, 1966).

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